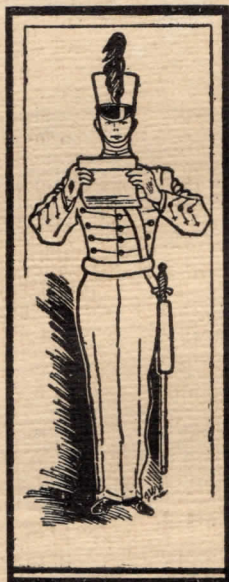


The **BAYONET**

*Published by the Cadets of
Augusta Military Academy*



Fort Defiance, Va.

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To the Corps

SINCE the publication of the last BAYONET, a movement has been put forth, the object of which, is to publish an annual at the close of this year's session. This is the first time in the academy's history that such an attempt has been made, consequently it will be an extremely difficult proposition for the editors alone to crown their efforts with success, therefore they ask that the student body co-operate with them in this proposed undertaking.

Any cadets who possess cameras can render great service by securing pictures of the school, barracks views and interesting scenes in the surrounding country, for such pictures would add largely to the attractiveness of an annual. Original stories or other literary articles would be highly appreciated, also characteristic drawings which would serve to poke fun at fellow-students, though

in this line the editors request that any severe personality be entirely lacking.

So far no name has been chosen for this annual in question, but it has been decided to let each man in the corps select a name, which he is requested to write on a slip of paper with his name attached. These slips must be handed to some member of the annual staff, whose name will be announced at an early date.

It is the earnest desire of those in charge of this movement to make the result of their labors one which will reflect credit on the school's ability in a literary as well as in every other way, but unless they can secure the aid and encouragement of the school at large, their efforts will hardly bring creditable results.

Now fellows, take up this annual movement with the dash and spirit characteristic of this academy and it is a sure thing that success will be met with. It is a well known fact that there are not a few in the corps who are well able to comply in a most excellent manner with the requests herein made, so the editors sincerely trust that they will see fit to come forward and use their powers and ability toward accomplishing the desired end.

Dr. Mauze's Address

THE following address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Mauze, a prominent minister of St. Louis, Mo., on the ninth of May, 1910, at the unveiling exercises of the monument erected by the Alumni of this Academy, in memory of the school's highly esteemed and beloved founder, Col. Chas. S. Roller.

Dr. Mauze's address may be truly termed a gem, which takes its form in the English language and we trust that those BAYONET readers who were unable to hear Dr. Mauze deliver it in person, will find some compensation in thus being able to persue it in print.

It was both the desire and intention of the editors to publish this excellent address in the BAYONET of May, 1910, but as it was not received in time to go to press at that date we trust that the inopportune time of its publication will be excused.

All those who knew and dwelt with Col. Roller will join with the editors in acclaiming this address one which will serve for time everlasting to endear Dr. Mauze to the hearts of A. M. A. Alumni, as well as the cadets who are now in attendance at the Academy.

"Mr. Chairman, Fellow Alumni, Patrons and Friends of Augusta Military Academy, Ladies' and Gentlemen: There are times in the lives of most public speakers when they feel the poverty of human speech to express the emotions within

them which struggle for utterance. Such is my experience on this auspicious occasion when I am to speak of the character and career of one to whom I owe so much, and you must be patient with my laboring to find fitting terms in which to express the thoughts that oppress me. For truly has the great iconoclast death entered in the house of my idols and stricken from his pedestal one before whom my soul had long bowed with reverence akin to devotion. Ever since the eventful day on which I was lead by my father into Prof. Roller's office as an applicant for registration in his Academy, he has towered high in my esteem. The steadfast, soul examining gaze of his eyes exercised the unruly spirit that had long possessed me and at once bound me to him. Other instructors I have had and admired but my soul has ever been true to my first love.

"Mr. Chairman, when you, in the name of the Memorial Association, invited me to interpret on this occasion that which hundreds think and feel, I thanked you for the proud privilege you had conferred upon me and the invitation appealed so irresistibly to my friendship and gratitude to our beloved teacher we had lost, that I could not decline it. I am delighted to have this opportunity of placing a simple wildflower of his own cultivation upon his memory in token of my humble love. I might well hesitate to stand here if I did not know that, enriched by the sympathy of this large, representative gathering, my words will seem to your generous hearts to prolong for a

while the requiem that you would not willingly let die.

Nothing appears so transitory and fleeting as the life of man when compared with the apparent permanence of his surroundings. But things are not as they seem. There is a sense in which man has something like an earthly immortality. The generations come and go, but they do not take all of themselves with them in their going. They leave something behind them for weal or woe to those who come after them. A thousand men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled and so they perished—their light went out in darkness and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. But ever and anon there comes a man of power who leaves a benediction to the world by making an impression for good upon its intellectual and moral life, which goes ringing down through the shifting scenes of time and the fleeting generations of men. For to be cold and breathless—to feel not and speak not—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirit into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters upon the human pillars of their age, who have poured their hearts blood into channels of public prosperity.

“These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o’er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die.’

“When such men die, it is well to pause, and, looking at what they have been, calling up their virtues, their achievements, their characters, fix in our hearts the memory of these and thus put ourselves to fresh obligations for their existence. And just this is the explanation of our gathering here today where our friend won love and respect by his well-spent life of industry, integrity and devotion to the cause of education and human progress, and as I address myself to the delectable task assigned me, well may I borrow those eloquent words of John Temple Graves spoken of Henry Grady when he said: “No fire that can be kindled upon the altar of speech can resume the radiant spark that perished. No blaze born in all our eulogy can burn beside the sunlight of his useful life. After all, there is nothing grander than such living—the grandest thing next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty throne is the light of a noble and beautiful life wrapping itself in benediction around the destinies of men and finding its home in the blessed bosom of the everlasting God.”

“Charles Summerville Roller was a fair representative of the age in which he lived; an age which forms one of the greatest and brightest eras in the history of man; an age teeming with new discoveries and developments, extending in all

directions the limits of human knowledge; an age of marvelous growth of the brotherhood of man in the amalgamation of the different races of the world. The spirit of that age found a happy personification in the founder of this Academy. Providence was kind to him even in birth.

He was fortunate in starting out in life with the enviable asset of having mingled in his ancestry the blood of English, Scotch-Irish and German stock; hardy, pure-minded and stout-hearted men and women who sought in this new world that liberty of conscience and freedom of worship denied them by the state and the church of their respective mother countries. Moreover from both his paternal and maternal sides he sprang from heroic soldiers of the American Revolution. The eldest son of Jacob Roller, a prominent and influential citizen of independent means of Augusta County, and blessed with a mother of rare accomplishments and a superior character, he began life under most favorable circumstances, having made his advent into life at Mt. Sidney, a small town one mile north of here, on May 8, 1839. A native product of our soil, he may very truly be called an American of Americans. His memorializers tell us that "he was a bright, hopeful and athletic boy, with an inquiring, eager mind that drew attention." From his earliest years he was noted for his thoroughness and his progressive views and for a certain self-reliance.

“The Creator endowed him with a strong mind and a retentive memory which he early began to develop. To this end he diligently used the advantages of school and college. To many youth itself is so sweet a siren that in hearing her voice they forget all but the pleasure of listening to it. But the sibyl saved no scroll from young Roller; he had the wisdom to seize them all. His classmates, gayly returning late at night, saw the student's light shining through his window. The boy was hard at work, already in the plastic years storing his mind and memory with the best of literature and historic lore. He seems to have acted upon the teaching of Gay when he sings

‘ “Learning by study must be won;
’Twas n’er entailed from son to son.’

“So faithfully did he apply himself while attending Parkins Classical School and later the Mossy Creek Academy, that when, in 1859, he became a student of the University of Virginia at the tender age of twenty years, he was found prepared for its course as a few of its students have ever been. In each of these three institutions he ranked high and graduated with distinction.

“But his life of mental discipline did not cease with his graduation. No doubt he had, during his student days found and laid to heart those sane lines of Pope!

‘ “A little learning is a dangeroud thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.’

“Practically to the end of this earthly existence he was a constant patient, and devoted student. He was a great lover of books. They were his most intimate life companions. He had a fine judgment in their selection. The great English classics he read and re-read many times. In his handling of books one could see that he felt that, as Milton had said, ‘a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.’

“Mr. Roller had a decided social nature. His love for books never cut him off from a wholesome intercourse with his fellows. He entered fully into the college spirit of his day and indulged freely in the healthful sports of his colleagues. He had a charming personality and attracted to him many warm personal friends. He was happily married to one who proved a true help-mate in life. He made his home bright and cheerful. There was a charm about his home influence that was most delightful. There are those around me who have breathed the air of his home—that atmosphere of refinement, taste, friendship and and warm-hearted hospitality. Right well do we remember the conversations at his hospitable board, genially inspired and directed by him, on education, art, literature, politics, books and great times and great men. We distinctly recall his far outstretched hand of welcome when you arrived, and the glad exclamation: “I am so glad to see you,” and the beseeching tone when you departed entreating you to tarry longer or

to return soon again. He had a keen sense of wit and humor and enjoyed a joke hugely.

"In politics, Mr. Roller was a pronounced Republican, but could hardly be called a politician. He never held but two political offices, serving as a member of the State Legislature during the years 1871-3 and as Principal of the State Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind at Staunton for the years 1883-5, both of which positions he filled with marked ability and success. Other than this, his political zeal was confined to a keen interest in the welfare of his party in the state and the nation.

"Our friend was endowed by nature with a remarkable firmness of character. He could bring his mind to a more complete state of discipline than any man I ever knew. He had such a just and comprehensive view of all moral questions that he could readily distinguish between the right and the wrong. Sturdy and uncompromising in his character, he set his standard of life high and made his demands upon his friends and students imperative. He was as immovable in his principles as the lofty hills among which he lived. He could not be approached by any unworthy inducements. Neither proffered honor nor intimidation could bind him. His life lies before us as an open book which contains no double meaning, no crooked passages, no mysteries, no concealments. It is clear as crystal. It needs no interpreter. The ends he sought were always noble; the means he used were always

direct. Neither deception nor concealment nor disguise of any kind or degree had place in his nature or methods. He walked in the light, and wrote his heart's inmost purpose of his forehead. No man can now recall a single word of toleration for a low and equivocal design which ever fell from his lips, but many a man can remember the kind encouragement which he warmly bestowed upon human and wordly purposes. He abhorred with all his soul falsehood and dishonesty, and he had the severest scorn for the one who ventured to inform him against his fellow student. While not regardless of the good opinion of men, he looked first for the approval of Heaven. However one might differ with him on any question all readily accord to him their respect for his manliness and unflinching opinions which were always founded upon his honesty convictions of right.

"He found the straight and narrow way and to him it was safe. To him there came the clear sight that is ever the reward of unbending rectitude. His unyielding grasp upon the truth and the right as he saw it, his thorough dedication of himself to the highest and best in life, combined to build for him in the hearts and lives of others an imposing monument whose symmetry and fine proportions no mere chance could create and which no accident can destroy.

"Mr. Roller was a true patriot. He loved the land of his birth and was willing to sacrifice his life upon its altar of service. The call to arms

in 1861 drew him, one of the best educated and most scholarly of the young men of the Southland, from the peaceful walls of the State University to the celebrated Stuart's Cavalry, in which he served throughout the entire Civil War. He who knows the conspicuous part played by that Cavalry can understand somewhat of the hardships he had to endure, the weariness of long marches, the pangs of hunger, the desire for sleep, all the sufferings for the poor, ragged and starving soldiers in grey he patiently endured. Many times he was in the whirlwind of the charge, and in the smoke and fire and rain of shot and shell which he always met with characteristic courage, facing death for the cause he loved. The day before the surrender of Lee at Appomatox he was wounded and captured by Union Soldiers and for a short while remained a prisoner of war. There are those who would induce our government to maintain a large standing army in time of peace as preparatory to some future emergency which may require it. The bulwark of the defense of our country lies not in such an army, but in the hearts of the American people. It is the citizen soldiers like Chas. S. Roller, and not the mercenary hireling that this Republic must look for the protection of its rights and life.

"Mr. Roller accepted the issue of the war between the states as the unerring verdict of high heaven. Disappointed he was that the cause for which he fought had not been victorious, but discouraged never. He went to work bravely

and earnestly to do his part in restoring the Southland to the old order of things. Like his illustrious Commander-in-Chief, Robert E. Lee, he chose the life of teaching as the field affording him the largest opportunities of repairing the havoc made by war. He was himself an educated man, a college bred man, and he knew, as every intelligent man knows that from the days when Themistocles led the educated Athenians at Salamis, the sure foundations of any government and the well-being of any people are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance, and that every sneer at education, at culture, at book-learning is the demagogue's sneer at intellectual liberty, inviting national degeneration and ruin. He well knew that

‘ ‘Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.’

and so he set himself to train the rising generation of his beloved land.

“In 1866 he began his first work as instructor at Old Stone Church in the Old Brick School house under the massive spreading oaks on yonder near-by hill.

‘ Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instinct o'er the mind,
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.’

“When it was announced that he had opened a school he could not accommodate the applicants and for the first two years he taught chiefly young soldiers whose education had been cut

short by service in arms. That was the beginning of what was afterwards to become the Augusta Military Academy, our beloved Alma Mater, which he so long conducted in person as principal and teacher.

“For some years after he had built the splendid Academy buildings the old brick school house in the grove of the Old Stone Church continued to be used as a recitation hall. It was most fitting that over the hallowed ground where that old building once stood the lifeless body of our lamented preceptor should be borne by sorrowing friends to its committal back to the earth from which it had come.

“Prof. Roller was a prince among teachers. He was gifted with the instinctive talent of being able to impart knowledge to others. He was not only the master of the subject to be inculcated, but he understood the student whom he sought to teach. He had the happy faculty of adopting himself to each individual student. Coupled with these was his commanding presence which enabled him to bring out and develop the best there was in a young man in intellect and in morals. He entered heartily into the life of those under his care. He kept himself in sympathetic touch with them. He had a way of gaining their confidence and of persuading them to follow his leading in learning and in life. He had a magnetism that was irresistible and his more than 2,000 students held him in the highest respect, both as teacher, friend and man. He dealt with all the

subjects he essayed to teach with a master hand, but he exceeded as a teacher of the Ancient Classics, especially those in the Latin tongue. Here he was at his best. No one could be under his instruction in Latin very long without having awakened within him enthusiasm for that language. The passion of his life was to inspire his boys with a sober interest in the hard work of life and to provide them with that mental and moral furniture which would fit them to amount to something more than a cipher in solving the problem of humanity.

“We who are factors in human progress are too close to give a just view of its true proportions, or to select from the processes those which are the most potent. We are like explorers wandering through a broken region, who magnify every height they scale into a mountain; that which is close at hand being the theme of their exclamations and the source from which their reason forms conclusions. These may or may not be correct. But let us withdraw, as men hereafter will withdraw with the Muse of History, from the lands over which we have toiled so perplexedly, and from the distance view the contour of the country out of which details have vanished, and of which the prominent characteristics alone remain. Then we shall see before us a region, mountainous and bewildering indeed, but overlooked and dominated by a few lofty peaks, to which men shall give unforgotten names, and upon whose summits the sun of truth shall linger long

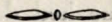
after all the subject lands lie in darkness and oblivion. Even so will it be with a few great names that, in the lapse of endless time, will survive and keep alive the memory of that noble company of educators who are doing such great things for the ushering in the dawn of millenium and among that company one of the highest, purest, and the most symmetrical will be Charles Summerville Roller.

“The influence of an institution like this which he founded cannot be estimated any more than you can measure the effect of the sunlight on the trees or fields, or weigh the sweet influence of the stars on the thoughtful beholder. To every thoughtful mind it is none other than a seminary where immortal minds are being trained for eternity. Those who labor here are building structures whose foundations will stand, when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamantine rocks on which these buildings rest, have melted away. Here lights are kindled which will shine, not merely when every artificial beacon is extinguished, but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens. Our lamented friend took the initial steps in founding here a school whose growth must extend over a period of many years after he has gone to the University of Heaven, for as one of the strongest poet has ruggedly and incisively put it

‘That low man seeks a little thing to do
Sees it and does it.

This high man, with a great thing to pursue
Dies ere he knows it.’

We are assembled here today to dedicate in the honor of our much beloved, this handsome memorial to his distinguished service as a teacher, his high-toned honorable character as a man and his virtues and integrity as a Christian citizen, desirous of testifying by our words and actions the high esteem in which we hold him. The artist's work has been most admirably performed. Here we plant our monument of love in order that from this day forth the genius of art may tell the story of his noble life as long as granite withstands the elements, teaching the world the lofty lessons of his life and testifying forever to our reverence for his memory. May this Academy and country count it an honor to wear this ornament on their heart, and preserve it as a most precious heritage from those who love the memory of Charles Summerville Roller.



Reading Notice

THE editors desire to announce that they read with great interest, the article in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* of December 16, 1910, bearing upon the recent plans which the trustees of the U. C. M. have drawn up, with a view to building a new college for the advancement of medical science in the state of Virginia, as well as in the South.

This plan of the U. C. M. trustees is a most excellent and worthy one, and the BAYONET extends to them its best wishes for their future success.

A Tale of the Sea

WELL, mates, er mug o' grog tew wet my whistle, 'fore I start. Yo' sed yo' wanted er yarn, did yo'? Mates, I know all kinds uv 'em but thar's one yarn I ain't never told but once 'en didn't never spect tew tell agin. It hanted me fer three days after I told it. But yo' been good tew me, mates, so I'll tell it tew yo'. Jest a leetle drap agin 'fore I start. That's it, thankey, thankey. That thar's th' real stuff, mates, en I kin tell it."

"Twuz once when I done been on er voyage tew Brazil en wuz comin' roun' by Cape Horn tew 'Frisco. I was second mate on th' ol' ship, Polly K, en er fust class craft she wuz. Our Cap'n—Townsend wuz his name—wuz ez white er man ez ever drew breath o' life. Back thar in Rio de Janeiro he hed done bought a gorilla frum er greaser. Cap'n bought him fer er song, thinkin' he would be wuth takin' back home en sellin' tew er zoo. He hed er cage built fer him but he didn't know he hed no fiend tew deal with, nor somethin' wi' th' strength of tew men. Couldn't nary er soul go nigh that thar beast 'out his nigh goin' wild tew git tew him. We uster have tew poke food et him with long poles ez none uv us would go within ten feet o' his cage.

"One day, 'long 'bout th' middle o' August, I guess 'twuz, somethin' got th' matter with our rudder, en fer sev'ral days we jest drifted 'long,

not havin' no way tew fix it. On 'bout th' fifth day Cap'n sighted er sail en run up his signal o' distress. She wuz several miles off when we fust sighted her so I run down tew th' Cap'n's cab'n tew git er glass tew see ef we could tell what kind o' craft she wuz. When I got back with th' glass I wuz nigh froze tew th' deck by what I saw. All o' th' crew hed done crowded up in th' bow o' th' ship tew git er view o' th' new ship en in between 'em en th' cab'n door thar—thar wuz th' beast. He hed done bruk loose somehow en hed cornered th' crew whar they couldn't git 'way. I wuz th' only man on th' whole ship what wuzn't in th' bow. I s'pose I oughter gone down en got er gun but I wuz so paralyzed with fear I couldn't move. Th' gorilla began ter creep terwards th' crew. Th' crew never tuck their eyes off'n him but none o' them seemed tew think o' anything tew do. Hans th' Swede en th' nigger cook started ter clum up th' riggin'. Still that thar beast went on. Ez he got near 'nough tew th' crew tew reach 'em he suddenly shot out his long hairy arms and grabbed Congdon, th' fust mate. Congdon never uttered no sound. Th' gorilla simply squeezed him in his arms 'till yo' could hear th' bones crack. Then he walked over tew th' railing and dropped him overboard. Then th' beast come back tew whar th' crew wuz. This time he grabbed Long, one o' th' sailors, en he went th' same way Congdon hed done gone. He caught th' Cap'n next en th' Cap'n tried tew git erway he cotched him by his throat en choked

him tew death. My God! I ken see his face now, gittin' blacker en blacker, his tongue lollin' out, his eyes bulging frum their sockets. En all this time I stood thar never darin' tew move backwards tewwards th' cabin' tew git er gun or nothin'. Thar wuz six more sailors left en they all went. Two uv 'em he simply heaved over th' rail wi' out so much ez killin' 'em. Then he got er sight o' Hans en th' nigger cook. He run tew th' riggin' en wuz up in er flash. He seized th' nigger fust en dashed him down against th' deck. I ken hear that sickening crash now, ez he hit th deck every bone in his body crushed. He got Hans next en jest threw him over th' railing—didn't try tew kill him fer jest then he caught sight o' me. He started creepin' down en then started tewwards me. I couldn't move, tho' I tried. I wuz paralyzed with fear. Hed I could I woulder run down intew th, hole but my legs wouldn't move. He cum on tewwards me, never takin' his eyes frum off'n my face. My God! I ken see him now—his eyes dilated en wild, his teeth bared in er fiendish grin, his whole face one uv horrible frenzied fury, I could feel his hot breath on my face en gibberin' ez he creeped up he cum on, straight, tewwards me. He reached out his arms tew take me ez he hed taken th' rest uv 'em. Ez he grabbed I felt er hot flame fan my cheek en heard th' report uv er gun. Then I knew no more. When I cum tew I found out that th' ship what we hed signalled tew hed done cum up whil' th' gorilla wuz comin' tewwards me.

I wuz tew excited tew notice it at th' time. They hed seen th' situation et er glance en comin' up close tew us hed done fired en kilt th' gorilla. Well, mates, I guess that's 'bout all, tho' I'm 'fraid I won't be able tew keep my mind off'n it fer er week, now I've done told et. Jest ernother swallow, thankey, sir, thankey, mates, you've been real good tew me, en I'm glad yo' liked th' yarn."

The old sailor set his mug down on the table. His face was flushed, his eye wild, and it was plain to see that his relating of his adventure and his excessive drinking had slightly turned the old salt's brain. Then he continued:

"Even now, I can't help thinkin' 'bout—Why, what's that! Thar! Thar! In the doorway! My God in Heaven! Th' gorilla! Th' gorilla! Stop him! He's comin' fer me! I know et! For God's sake save me! Th' gorilla! Th' gorilla! He's got me! He's got me! My God! Save me! Save—."

The old man had started from his chair in his terror, his face blanched and distorted, his eyes wild as in his excited fancy he saw the gorilla approaching him. He cowered on the floor and then with a despairing cry he made a super-human leap into the air and then—fell prone to the floor—dead.

The old man's life voyage was over. He had sailed many a sea but at last his soul had found a port. He had entered the harbor of peace, where there is no storm—nor death—nor want.

GILLIAM.

Y. M. C. A.

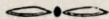
OFFICERS

President	J. L. JEFFRIES
Vice-President.....	J. K. GUNBY
Secretary and Treasurer.....	C. C. FLEMING

SO far the Association has continued to prosper in a most gratifying manner, the meetings having been well attended and participated in with great interest by those present.

It is also pleasing to note that members have paid their dues more readily than ever before, and it is to be hoped that those, who as yet, have not settled their obligations to the Y. M. C. A., will see fit to do so at an early date.

During the past month Mr. Van Devanter has attended several meetings, at which he was most welcome, for his presence always results in some interesting address or a word of good advice. The Association extends its thanks to Mr. Van Devanter for all that he has done in its behalf and he may rest assured that in every member, he has a true and everlasting friend.



New Year Dance

ON Friday night, January 2d, the first dance of the New Year was held in the Memorial Hall.

As the dance was only an informal one the hall was not decorated, but the lack of any adornment was not felt in the slightest degree, for the

beauty and radiance of the fair sex from Staunton and vicinity, was quite sufficient to render the affair one of surpassing brilliance.

The music of the occasion was furnished by the orchestra of the Virginia School for the Blind, situated in Staunton, the members of which are to be most highly praised for the excellent manner in which they supported the musical end of the program.

Festivities were concluded at two o'clock and it is safe to say the close of the evening's merry-making was a source of regret to all who participated in it.

Those dancing were as follows:

Colonel T. J. Roller with Miss Ruth Walter, of Staunton; Captain J. M. H. Fitzgerald with Miss Elsie Haile, of Staunton; Captain T. H. Wiltshire with Miss Jane Allen, of Staunton; Cadet Captain and Adjutant Gunby with Miss Bessie Landes, of Staunton; Cadet Captain Welch with Miss Preddie; Cadet Lieutenant Carter with Miss Elizabeth Timberlake, of Staunton; Cadet Lieutenant Fleming with Miss Mary Shreckhise, of Staunton; Cadet First Sergeant McKinney with Miss Gladys Walker, of Staunton; Cadet Sergeant Hevener with Miss Olive Timberlake, of Staunton; Cadet Sergeant Rodgers with Miss Mattie Taylor, of Staunton; Cadet Sergeant Parrish with Miss Agatha Allen, of Staunton; Cadet Corporal Fravel with Miss Mary Roller, of Weyer's Cave; Cadet Gilliam with Miss Martha Bell, of Staunton; Mr. Chas. Byers with Miss Carpenter,

of Harrisonburg; Mr. Sites with Miss Howshour, of Mt. Sidney; Mr. W. D. Easley with Miss Margaret Byers, of Fort Defiance.

The Stags were:

Major C. S. Roller, Jr.; Captain H. A. Jacob; Cadet Captain Jeffries; Cadet Adjutant W. B. Landes; Cadet Lieutenant Quartermaster Collingwood; Cadet Lieutenant Routt; Cadet Sergeant Major Waters; Cadet First Sergeant Barker; Cadet Sergeant Clemmer, T.; Cadet Corporal Ashby; Cadet Corporal Carpenter; Cadet Corporal Hancock; Cadet Corporal Robinson; Cadet Corporal Clemans; Cadet Corporal Arbenz; Cadets Eldon, Clark, Menefee, Goodman, Clemmer L, Clemmer, F.; Schwalb, Bartholdi, Fox, Beckett, Nicolson, Reid, Jackson, Dudley, Walter, Christian, Graham, Mr. J. D. Crowle, of Staunton; Mr. John White, of Staunton; Mr. Robert Burke, of Staunton.

Chaperons were:

Mrs. C. S. Roller, Jr.; Mrs. Walter, of Staunton; Mrs. Robert Burke, of Staunton; Mrs. W. H. Landes, of Staunton; Mrs. Byers, of Fort Defiance.

Athletic Association

President.....	W. B. LANDES
Vice-President.....	W. H. COLLINGWOOD
Treasurer.....	N. CUNNINGHAM
Assistant Treasurer.....	C. C. CARTER

Basket Ball

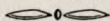
FOR the past two or three years, A. M. A's. basket ball teams have not shown up as successfully as the teams representing other branches of sport, but from present indications, there are good reasons for expecting a team this year in no degree unworthy to uphold the excellent athletic record which this Academy has so long held.

Collingwood, Ashby, Landes, Welch and Fravel, members of last year's team are on hand again and so far, they have shown very good form in practice. Several old men who did not play last year and a goodly number of new men are trying for various positions on the team. Many of these players are furnishing excellent exhibitions of their ability in playing the game under consideration and unless some of last year's team show marked improvement, they will be left in the lurch when the final choice of the Varsity team is made.

No fixed schedule has been arranged as yet, but it is hoped that at an early date it will be completed.

The team is being coached by Major C. S. Roller, Jr., assisted by Captain T. H. Wiltshire.

Both gentleman are well acquainted with the pros and cons of the sport in question and the team considers itself quite lucky in having two such able instructors. Here's wishing them the largest possible measure of success in their efforts to turn out a winning team, and even if they do not succeed in this endeavor, their failure to do so will in no degree lessen the cadets' appreciation and gratitude for their noble efforts.



In Due Season

[The following selection is respectfully dedicated to the ancient and honorable "Vet."]

Through the ice bound days of Winter

I have sighed, but all in vain
For the sunshine and the flowers,
Sylvan glades and leafy bowers;
Long for spring to come again.

When ensconced in corner cozy

With some maiden, fair and sweet,
Vagrant still, my thoughts will wander,
As on future joys I ponder;
Fancy flies with winged feet.

For when snows and ice have vanished

And the baseball season comes,
Nix for girls and sofa pillows;
Then the lads who wield the willows
Are the bunch that cop the buns.

—Selected.

Alumni Notes

A RECENT and interesting surprise was the announcement that Mr. Mitchell Waddell, '06, had taken to himself a "better half." Here's wishing him no end of happiness.

Mr. L. C. Matthew, '09, was a visitor at the Academy during the past month. Lou is now a travelling salesman and is meeting with much success in his vocation.

Another visitor during the month of January was Mr. J. M. Stout, corps of '09, "Hanover" is still quite a "sport" and it is said, sets the fashion in his native city.(?)

The dance on January 20, served as a drawing card for Mr. W. D. Casley, who returned to the school for a delightful but short stay. As there were other "attractions" besides the dance, little was seen of "Joke" around barracks, still there was some consolation in knowing that he was in good hands.

"Noonie" Pole made a flying stop at the Academy in January. Heres hoping that "Noonie's" future visits will be of longer duration.

The Alumni Editor would appreciate any news which would serve to make his department a more important factor in the BAYONET, therefore he earnestly requests those Alumni who care to, to keep him better informed about themselves.

Personals

Parrish: Can Martha easily (Easley) catch a fox?

Fox: No, not easily.

Major (in Physics): Mr. Cunningham, how is rain formed?

Cunningham (after much thought): Lightning separates the clouds and when they come together it knocks the rain out of them.

Jeffries (to Parrish): Jack, where's my English Lit at?

Colonel: I can lend one of you boys my skates.

Fravel: Colonel, I have big feet.

Major (in Physics): Rawley, what is a vacuum?

Rawley: I have it in my head sir, but can't express it.

I

He met her in the meadow
While the sun was sinking low,
And they walked along together,
In the evenings after-glow.

II

She waited while so patiently
He lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes bent upon him,
As radiant as the stars.

III

But she neither smiled nor thanked him,
Because she knew not how;
For he was only a farmer's lad,
And she, a Jersey cow.

Book Agent: Can I interest you in "Another Man's Wife?"

Benedict; No, sir, I have troubles of my own, already.

Plantation owner: Mose, they've discovered the North Pole.

Old Negro: Deed, where at?

"It's three months since I saw you last"

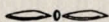
The one who met her plainly states

Says she: "Can it be possible?

It's awful how time aviates."

Wife (in hobble-skirt): I don't like this meal and I'm going to kick.

Husband: You'd better change your skirt first, dear.



To the Alumni

ALUMNI will be interested to know that Chas. S. Roller III, the young son of Major and Mrs. Chas. S. Roller, Jr., is progressing excellently. Chas. S. Roller III was born on August 5, 1910, and is the pride and joy of his parent's hearts. The young gentleman gives promise of being a great athlete in the year's to come, in fact he promises to be not only a prominent factor in the athletic line, such as his father is, but of inheriting all those other qualities which have made paternal parent the splendid and highly respected gentleman that he is.

Some Puzzlers

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,

Or a key for a lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy

Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are set?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use when shingling the roof of his
mouth

The nails on the ends of his toes?

What does he raise from the slip of his
tongue?

Who plays on the drums of his ears?

And who can tell the cut and style

Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,

And if so what did it do?

How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

I'll be hanged if I know—do you?

—Selected.

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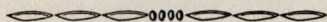
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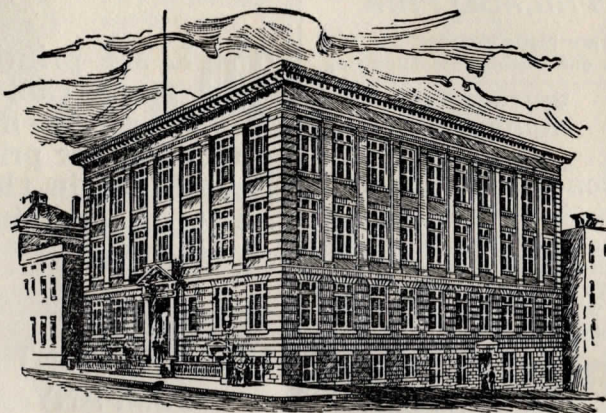
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